THE FEAREFVLL SVMMER:

OR

LONDONS CALAMITY,

the countries courtesy,
and both their misery.

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By IOHN TAYLOR.

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TO THE TRVLY GENEROVS AND NOBLE Knight, Sir IOHN MILLISSENT, one of the Gentlemen Penſioners to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſty.

TO whom ſhould I theſe *ſorrowes* recõmend,
But vnto you, the *Cities* noble *freind:*
I know, you are much *grieued* with their *Griefe,*
And would adventure life for their reliefe,
To you therefore theſe lines I dedicate,
Wherein their *ſorrowes* partly I relate,
I humbly craue acceptance at your hand,
And reſt

Your ſeruant euer to command,

IOHN TAYLOR.

To the Printer.

MY conceite is, that theſe are very lamētable verſes, & will greiue many the reading, they ſo expreſſe death to life & make mortality immortal; I wiſh that as many as can make vſe of ſuch pittifull lines had copies, the reſt may want them: Here and there a verſe may occaſion a teare, then the Author is a true water-Poet indeed, but elſe where, there wants not an hand-kercheife to dry that teare: So is the whole worke a γλυκὺ πικρον and deſerues an approbation at leaſt from

Io: TAYLOR.
OR. COLL.

THE PRÆFACE.

IN this lamentable Time of generall Calamity, our hainous ſinnes prouoking Gods juſt Indignation, this heauy viſitation and mortality; I being atendant vpon the Queenes Matie at Hampton Court and from thence within 2 miles of *Oxford* with her Barge (with much greiſe and remorſe) did ſee and heare the miſerable & cold entertainment of many *Londoners*, which, for their preſeruation fled and retired themſelues from the Cittie into the Country. Whence I noted the peoples Charitie, and great amendment, for they had giuen ouer one of the 7 deadly ſinnes, which was *Couetouſneſſe*, and in many places were ſo farre out of loue with a Citizens money, that they abhor'd and hated either to touch or receaue it; entertaining them with bitter wormewood welcome, (which Hearbe was in more requeſt amongſt many of them, then any of the heauenly *Graces* or Cardinall *Vertues*) yet the hearbe of *Grace* was in much eſtimation, although the name of it was a document that they had occaſion to *Rue* the *time*; I farther perceiued that they were ſo farre from beleiuing or crediting any man, that they would or durſt not truſt their owne noſes, but were doubtfull that that ſence would conſpire with the Plague to murther them, wherefore (like cunning Mariners, or

mole-catchers,) they would craftily in their ſtreetes and highwaies *fetch the winde of any man*, although they were ouer ſhoes and bootes, and ſometimes tumbled into a ditch for their labours. This was the time when a man with a nightcap at noone, would haue frighted a whole Pariſh out of their wits, when to call for *Aquauitæ* (though it had beene but to make a drench for a ſicke horſe was enough to haue his houſe ſhut vp. When *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, made many of them tremble more then *God Refuſe, Renounce, Confound, or Damne*. When a man trauailing in the habit of a Cityzen, was a meere *bulbegger*; when for a man to ſay, that he came from *Hell* would yeeld him better welcome, without money, then a man would giue to his owne father and mother that came from *London*. In this time of mans great miſerie and ſmall mercy, I tooke my pen in hand and wrote this enſueing diſcourſe, I haue (as neere as I could) ſuited it, ſadly according to the nature of the ſubject. And truly, becauſe that the bare and naked trueth was ſo cleare and ample, that I needed not to ſtuffe it out with friuolous fables or fantaſticall fictions; with my ſoule, I thankfully acknowledge Gods great mercy extended towards me (one of the moſt wretched and wicked) in that ſo many thouſands of better life and conuerſation haue falne on my right hand and on my left, and round about me; yet hath his gratious protection beene my guard, for the which in my gratitude to my God, and to auoid the ſinne of idlenes, I haue written what thoſe that can may reade.

THE

THE FEAREFVLL SVMMER;

OR

LONDONS CALAMITY.

THe *Patience* and long-*suffering* of our *God*,
Keepes close his *Quiuer*, and restraines his *Rod*,
And though our crying Crimes to Heau'n doe cry
For vengeance, on accurst Mortality;
Yea though we merit mischiefes manifold,
Blest *Mercy* doth the hand of *Iustice* hold.
But when that *Eye* that sees all things most cleare,
Expects our *fruits* of *Faith*, from yeare to yeare,
Allowes vs painfull *Pastors*, who bestow
Great care and toyle, to make vs fruitfull grow,
And daylie doth in those weake *Vessels* send
The dewe of *Heauen*, in hope we will amend;
Yet (at the last) he doth perceiue and see
That we vnfruitfull and most barren be,
Which makes his dreadfull Indignation frowne,
And (as accursed *fig-trees*) cut vs downe.
Thus Mercy (mock'd) plucks Iustice on our heads,
And grieuous *Plagues* our Kingdome ouerspreads:
Then let vs to our *God* make quick returning,
With true contrition, fasting, and with mourning;
The Word is God, and *God* hath spoke the Word,
If we repent, he will put vp his sword.

Hee's greiu'd in punishing, *Hee's* slow to Ire,
And *HE* a sinners death doth not desire.
If our Compunction our Amendment show,
Our purple sinnes *Hee'l* make as white as snow.
If we lament, our God is mercifull,
Our scarlet crimes hee'l make as white as wooll.
Faire *London* that did late abound in blisse,
And wast our Kingdomes great *Metropolis*.
'Tis *thou* that art dejected low in state,
Disconsolate, and almost desolate,
The hand of Heau'n that only did protect thee)
Thou hast prouok'd (most justly to correct thee,
And for thy pride of Heart and deedes vnjust,
He layes thy Pompe and Glory in the dust.
Thou that wast late the Queene of Cities nam'd,
Throughout the world admir'd, renown'd, and fam'd;
Thou that hadst all things at command and will,
To whom all *England* was a Handmaide still;
For rayment, fewell, fish, fowle, beasts, for food,
For fruits, for all our Kingdome counted good,
Both neere and farre remote, all did agree
To bring their best of blessings vnto *thee*.
Thus in conceite, thou seem'dst to rule the *Fates*,
Whilst *peace* and *plenty* flourish'd in thy Gates,
Could I relieue thy miseries as well
As part I can thy woes and sorrowes tell,
Then should my Cares be eas'd with thy Reliefe,
And all my study, how to end thy griefe.
Thou that wer't late rich, both in friends and wealth,
Magnificent in state, strong in thy health,
As chiefest Mistris of our country priz'd,
Now chiefly in the country art despis'd.

The name of *London* now both farre and neare,
Strikes all the Townes and Villages with feare,
And to be thought a *Londoner* is worſe
Then one that breakes a houſe, or takes a Purſe.
He that will filch and ſteale, now is the Time
No Iuſtice dares examine him, his crime
Let him but ſay that he from *London* came,
So full of Feare and Terrour is that name,
The Conſtable his charge will ſoone forſake,
And no man dares his *mittimus* to make.
Thus Citizens, plagu'd for the Citty ſins,
Poore entertainment in the Country winnes.
Some feare the Citty, and flye thence amaine,
And thoſe are of the Countrey fear'd againe,
Who 'gainſt thē barre their windowes & their doores,
More thē they wold 'gainſt *Turks*, or *Iewes*, or *Moores*.
I thinke if very *Spaniards* had come there,
Their welcome had beene better, and their cheare.
Whilſt Hay-cock lodging, with hard ſlender fare,
Welcome like dogs vnto a Church they are.
Feare makes them with the Anabaptiſts joyne,
For if an Hoſteſſe doe receiue their coyne,
She in a diſh of water, or a paile,
Will new baptize it, leaſt it ſomething aile.
Thus many a Citizen well ſtor'd with Gold,
Is glad to lye vpon his mother *molde*,
His bed the map of his mortality,
His curtaines clouds, and Heau'n his Canopie.
The ruſſet plow-ſwaine, and the Leathren Hinde,
Through feare is growne vnmannerly, vnkinde:
And in his houſe (to harbour) hee'll preſer
An Infidell before a *Londoner*:

Milke-

Milke-maides and Farmers wiues are growne ſo nice,
They thinke a Cittizen a Cockatrice,
And country Dames, are wax'd ſo coy and briske,
They ſhun him as they'll ſhun a Baſiliske,
For euery one the ſight of him would fly
All feareing he would kill them with his eye.
Ah woefull *London* I thy greife bewaile,
And if my ſighs and prayers may but prevaile;
I humbly beg of *God* that hee'le be pleaſ'd
In *Ieſus Chriſt*, his wrath may be appeaſ'd,
With holding his dread Iudgements from aboue
And once more, graſpe thee in his armes of loue.
In mercy all our wickednes remit
For who can giue thee thankes within the pit.
Strange was the change in leſſe then 3 monthes ſpace
In joye, in woe, in grace, and in diſgrace:
A healthfull *Aprill*, a diſeaſed *Iune*
And dangerous *Iulie*, brings all out of tune.
That citty whoſe rare obiects pleaſ'd the eyes
With much content and more varieties,
She that was late delightfull to the eares
With melodye Harmonious, like the *Spheares*:
She that had all things that might pleaſe her taſt
That was by *Skies*, or *Earth*, or *Seas* embrac'd,
All odoures, and perfumes to pleaſe the *ſent*,
And all ſhe *felt* did giue her *touch* content,
Her Cinque porte *ſences*, richly fed and cloy'd
With bleſſings bountifull, which ſhe enioy'd.
Now 3 monthes change hath fill'd it full with feare
As if no Solace euer had beene there.
What doe the eyes ſee there but greiued ſights
Of ſicke, oppreſſed, and diſtreſſed wights:

Houſes

Houſes ſhut vp, ſome dying, and ſome dead,
Some (all amazed) flying and ſome fled.
Streetes thinly man'd with wretches euery day
Which haue no power to flee, or meanes to ſtay,
Dead Coarſes carried, and recarried ſtill,
Whil'ſt fifty Corpſes ſcarce one graue doth fill.
With LORD HAVE MERCIE VPON VS, on the dore
Which (though the words be good) doth greiue men
And o're the dore-poſtes fix'd a *croſſe* of *red* (ſore.
Betokening, that there *Death* ſome bloud hath ſhed.
Some with *Gods marks or tokens*, doe eſpie
Thoſe *Marks* or *Tokens*, ſhew them they muſt die,
Some with their Carbuncles, and ſores new burſt
Are fed with hope they haue eſcap'd the worſt,
Thus paſſeth all the weeke, till *Thurſdaies Bill*,
Shewes vs what thouſands Death that weeke did kill.
That fatall *Bill*, doth like a razor cut
The dead, the liuing in a maze doth put,
And he that hath a Chriſtian heart: I know,
Is greiu'd, and wounded with the deadly blowe.
Theſe are the obiects of the *Eye*, now heare
And marke the mournefull muſick of the *Eare*.
There doe the brazen Iron toung'd loud bells
(Deaths clamorous muſick) Ring continuall knells,
Some lofty in their notes, ſome ſadly towling.
Whil'ſt fatall doggs, make a moſt diſmall howling,
Some frantick raueing, ſome with anguiſh crying,
Some ſinging, praying, groneing, and ſome dying,
The healthfull grieuing, and the ſickly groaning,
All in a mournefull diapaſon moaning.
Here, Parents for their Childrens loſſe Lament
There, Childrens greife for parents life that ſpent.

Heere

Here, Sister mournes for sister, Kin for Kin
As one greife ends, another doth begin,
There one lies languishing, with slender fare
Small comfort, lesse attendance, and least care,
With none but Death and he to tugge together
Vntill his corps and soule part each from either,
In one house one, or two, or three doth fall,
And in another Death plaies sweep-stake all.
Thus vniuersall sorrowfull complaining
Is all the musicke now in London raigning,
Thus is her comfort sad Calamity,
And all her *Melody* is *Maladie.*
These are the obiects of the *eyes* and *eares*
Most wofull sights, and sounds of greiues and feares.
Tasting. The curious *taste* that whilome did delight
With cost and care to please the Apetite
What she was wont to hate, she doth adore
And what's high priz'd, she held despis'd before.
The drugs, the dreuches, and vntoothsome drinks,
Feare giues a sweetnes to all seuerall stinks,
And for supposed *Antidotes*, each Palate
Of most contagious weedes will make a Sallate.
And any of the simplest Mountebankes
May cheat them (as they will) of Coine and thankes,
With scraped powder of a shoeing horne
Which they'le beleeue is of an *Vnicorne.*
Angelicoes, distastfull roote is gnaw'd
And *hearbe of Grace* most Ruefully is chaw'd.
Garlick offendeth neither *taste*, nor *smell*,
Feare and opinion makes it rellish well
Whilst *Beazer* stone, and mighty *Methridate*,
To all degrees are great in estimate,

And

And *Triacles* power is wounderously expreſt,
And Dragon Water in moſt high requeſt.
Theſe 'gainſt the Plague are good preſeruatiues
But the beſt cordiall is t'amend our liues.
Sinn's the maine cauſe, and we muſt firſt begin
To ceaſe our greifes, by ceaſing of our ſinne.
I doe beleeue that *God* hath giuen in ſtore
Good medicines to cure, or eaſe each ſore,
But firſt remoue the cauſe of the diſeaſe,
And then (no doubt but) the effect will ceaſe.
Our ſinnes the Cauſe, remoue our ſinnes from hence,
And *God* will ſoone remoue the Peſtilence.
Then euery med'cine (to our conſolation)
Shall haue his power, his force, his operation:
And till that time, Experiments are not
But Paper walls, againſt a Canon ſhott.
On many a poſt I ſee *Quack ſaluers* Bills
Like *Fencers* Challenges, to ſhew their ſkills:
As if they were ſuch *maſters of defence*
That they dare combate with the *Peſtilence*;
Meete with the plague in any deadly fray,
And bragge to beare the victorie away.
But if their patients patiently beleeue them,
They'le cure thē (without faile) of what they giue thē;
What though ten thouſand by their drenches periſh
They made them purpoſely themſelues to cheriſh,
Their Art is a meere Artleſſe kind of lying
To pick their *lyueing* out of others *dying*.
This ſharp inuectiue no way ſeemes to touch
The learn'd *Phiſitian*, whom I honour much,
The *Paracelſians* and *Galenniſts*
The *Philoſophicall* graue *Herbaliſts*,

Theſe

These I admire and reuerence, for in those
God doth daine *Natures* secrets fast inclose,
Which they distribute, as occasions serue
Health to reserue, and health decai'd conserue.
'Tis 'gainst such *Rat-catchers* I bend my pen
Which doe mechanically murther men,
Whose promises of cure, (like lying knaues)
Doth begger men or send them to their graues.

Smelling. Now *London* for the sence of *feeling* next,
Thou in thy *feeling* chiefely art perplext:
Thy heart *feeles* sorrow, and thy body anguish
Thou in thy *feeling* feel'st thy force to languish,
Thou *feel'st* much woe, and much calamitie
And many millions feele thy misery:
Thou *feel'st* the fearefull *Plague*, the *Flix* and *Feuer*
Which many a soule doth from the body seuer.
And I beseech *God* for our *Sauiours* merit
To let thee *feele*, the *Comfort* of his *Spirit*.

Feeling. Last for the solace of the *smell*, or *sent*;
Some in contagious roomes are closely pen'r,
Whereas corrupted Aire they take, and giue
Till time ends, or lends liberty to liue.
One with a peice of tasseld well *tarr'd Rope*
Doth with that nosegay keep himselfe in hope;
Another doth a wisp of wormewood pull
And with great Iudgement crams his nostrils full:
A third takes of his socks from's sweating feete,
And makes them his perfume alongst the streete.
Whilst *Billets* Bonefire like, and *faggots* dry
Are burnt it'h streetes, the Aire to purifie.
Thou great *Almighty*, giue them time and space,
And purifie them with thy heauenly *Grace*,
Make their repentance Incence, whose sweete sauour

May mount vnto thy throne, and gaine thy fauour.
Thus euery ſence, that ſhould the heart delight
Are miniſters, and organs to affright,
The Citizens doe from the City runne,
The countries feares, the citizens doe ſhun:
Both feare the *Plague*, but neither feares one iot
Their euill wayes which hath the plague begot,
This is the way this ſickneſs to preuent
Feare to offend, more then the puniſhment.
All trades are dead, or almoſt our of breath
But ſuch as liue by ſickneſs, or by death,
The Mercers, Grocers, Silk-men, Goldſmiths, Drapers,
Are out of ſeaſon, like noone burning Tapers,
All functions faile almoſt, through want of buyers
And euery art and miſterie turne *Dyers*,
The very *Watermen* giue ouer plying
Their rowing trade doth faile, they fall to *dying*.
Some men there are, that riſe by others falls
Prophetick Auguriſts in vrinalls,
Thoſe are right watermen, and rowe ſo well
They either land their *fares* in Heau'n or *Hell*.
But this much (Reader) you muſt vnderſtand
They commonly are paid before they land.
Next vnto him th' *Apothecarie* thriues
By Phyſick bills, and his preſeruatiues;
Worme eaten *Sextons*, mighty gaines doe winne,
And naſty *Graunemakers*, great commings in
And *Coffin makers*, are well paid their rent
For many a woefull wooden tenement.
The *Searchers* of each *corps* good gainers be,
The *Bearers* haue a profitable fee,
And laſt, the *Dog-killers* great gaine aboun des

For Brayning bawling currs, and foysting hounds.
These are the *graue* trades, that doe get and saue
Whose grauity brings many to their *graue*.
Thus greiued *London*, fill'd with mones and grones
Is like a *Golgotha*, of dead mens bones:
The field where death his bloudy fray doth fight
And kills eight hundred in a day and night.
Faire houses, that were late exceeding deere,
At fifty or an hundred pounds a yeare,
The Landlords are so pittifull of late
They 'le let them, at a quarter of the rate.
So he that is a mightie moneyed man
Let him but thither make what haste he can,
Let him disburse his gold and siluer heape
And purchase *London* 'tis exceeding cheape.
But if he tary but one halfe yeare more
I hope 'twill be as deere as 'twas before.
A Country cottage, that but lately went
At 4 markes, or at three pounds yearely rent
A Citizen, whose meere necessity
Doth force him now into the country fly,
Is glad to hire 2 Chambers of a Carter
And pray and pay with thanks fiue pounds a quarter.
Then here's the alteration of this yeare
The Cities cheapnes makes the Country deere.
Besides another mischeife is, I see
A man dares not be sicke although he be:
Let him complaine but of the *stone* or *gout*
The plague hath strooke him, presently they doubt,
My selfe hath bin perplexed now and then
With the wind Collick, yeares aboue thrice ten,
Within the countrey I durst not repeate

Although

Although my pangs, & gripes, and paines were great.
For to be ſick of any kinde of greiſe
Would make a man worſe welcome then a theefe,
To be drunke ſick, which er'ſt did credit winne
Was fear'd infectious, and held worſe then ſinne.
This made me, and many more beſide,
Their greiſes to ſmother, and their paines to hide,
To tell a merry tale with viſage glad,
When as the Collick almoſt made me mad.
Thus meere diſſembling, many practiſ'd then,
And mid'ſt of paine, ſeem'd pleaſant amogſt men,
For why, the ſmalleſt ſigh or grone, or ſhreike
Would make a man his meat and lodging ſeeke.
This was the wretched *Londoners* hard caſe
Moſt hardly welcome into any place,
Whil'ſt Countrey people, where ſoe're they went
Would ſtop their noſes to avoid their ſent,
When as the caſe did oft moſt plaine appeare
'Twas onely they themſelues, that ſtunke with feare.
Nature was dead, (or from the countrey runne)
A *Father* durſt not entertaine his ſonne,
The *Mother* ſees her daughter, and doth feare her
Commaunds her, on her bleſſing, not come neere her.
Affinity, nor any kind of kinne,
Or ancient freindſhip could true welcome winne,
The Children ſcarcely would their Parents know
Or (if they did) but ſlender duty ſhew.
Thus *feare* made *nature*, moſt vnnaturall,
Duty vndutifull, or very ſmall
No freindſhip, or elſe cold and miſerable
And generally all vncharitable.
Nor *London* letters litle better ſped

They would not be receiued (much leſſe be read)
But caſt into the fire and burnt with ſpeed
As if they had bin *Heretickes* indeed.
And late I ſaw, vpon a Sabaoth day
Some Citizens at Church, prepar'd to pray:
But (as they had bin excommunicate)
The good Churchwardens thruſt them out the gate.
Another countrey vertue I'le repeat
The peoples charity was growne ſo great
That whatſoeuer *Londoner* did die,
In Church or Churchyard ſhould not buried lie,
Thus were they ſcorn'd, deſpiſed, baniſhed,
Excluded from the Church, aliue, and dead,
Aliue, their bodies could no harbour haue,
And *dead*, not be allow'd a Chriſtian *Graue*:
Thus was the countryes kindneſſe cold, and ſmall,
No houſe, no Church, no Chriſtian burial.
Oh thou that on the winged windes doſt fit
And ſeeſt our miſerie, remedy it,
Although we haue deſeru'd thy vengeance hott
Yet in thy fury (Lord) conſume vs not.
But in thy mercies ſheath thy ſlaying ſword
Deliuer vs, according to thy word,
Shut vp thy Quiuer, ſtay thy angry rod
That all the world may know thou art our God,
Oh open wide the gate of thy compaſſion
Aſſure our ſoules that thou art our Saluation.
Then all our thoughts, and words and workes, wee'le frame
To magnifie thy great and glorious name.
The waies of God are intricate, no doubt
Vnſearchable, and paſſe mans finding out,
He at his pleaſure worketh wonderous things

And

And in his hand doth hold the hearts of kings,
And for the loue, which to our *King* he beares,
By ſicknes he our ſinfull country cleares,
That *he* may be a patrone, and a guide
Vnto a people purg'd and purifi'd.
This by a preſident is manifeſt
When famous late *Elizabeth* deceaſt,
Before our gratious *Iames* put on the crowne
Gods hand did cut ſuperfluous branches downe.
Not that they then that were of life bereft
Were greater ſinners then the number left,
But that the *Plague* ſhould then the kingdome cleare
The good to comfort, and the bad to feare.
That as a good king, God did vs aſſure,
So he ſhould haue a Nation purg'd and pure.
And now that Royall *Iames* intombed lyes
And that our gratious *Charles* his roome ſupplies,
As *He* did for his Father formerly
A ſinfull nation cleanſe and purifie.
So *God*, for him theſe things to paſſe doth bring,
And mends the *ſubiects* for ſo good a *King*
Vpon whoſe Throne may peace and plenty reſt,
And he and his Eternally be bleſt.

AMEN.

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Against Swearing.

THere is no sin that euer the *Diuell* inuented for the abuse of God, and the perdition of man, but the Authors and Actors of it may frame some frivolous or impertinent excuse; for examples, our first *parents* in *Paradise* did disobediently offend, in hope thereby to gaine further knowledge, and to be like God. *Cain* slew his brother, and had some poore excuse for the fratricide and murther, because he saw that *Abell* and his offering was in better acceptation. *Samson* was ouercome by *Dalilah*, but he had lewd lust, or lustfull loue to entice him; *Dauid* had not committed the two crying sins of Adultery and murther, had not the beauty of *Bethsheba* bin his insnaring object; *Achitophel* had not bin a Traitour to the Lord's Anointed, and a wicked counsellour to *Absolom*, but the expectation of raising his estate was his motiue. *Ahab* had not put *Nabaoth* to death vnjustly, but that hee knew it the neerest way to be possessour of his Vineyard. *Achan's* theft, *Gehazies* lie, *Manasses* cruelty and Idolatry, *Peter's* denying, & *Iudas*

his betraying of our Saviour had all some colour of Excuse, but a swearer is worse then all these, for he hath no starting hole, or by way that can make him appeare guiltlesse either before God or men. Remember this all you that make swearing the glory of your speech, the damnable grounds of your earthly society, the accursed Garbe of your (misnamed) Gentlemanlike carriage. Remember that God doth heare and see, and can, and will revenge, and for this inexcusable crime (especially) the wrath of the Almighty is showred and powred vpon vs.

Thou

THou that these lines doſt either heare or reade,
Conſider with thy ſelfe, and take good heed.
Reade them, and let them neuer be forgot,
They doe concerne thy ſoule, then ſleight them not.
The [a] *Fiends of hell beleeue there is a God,* [a] *Iames.*
And feare *and tremble* at his angry Rod:
They doe confeſſe his glorious Excellence,
And his Almighty powers Omnipotence.
But Man his choiceſt and his chiefeſt Creature,
Is ſo rebellious againſt *God* and *Nature,* (ſweare,
That he [b] gainſt Heau'n [c] dare both blaſpheme and
And (worſe then Fiends) they neither beliue or feare:
So that the *Earth* doth breed, feed, and retaine
Worſe *Monſters* then there doth in Hell remaine.
If men beleeu'd the word that God hath ſpoke,
They would beleeue that word ſhould here bebroke.
In *His* enacted Law [b] is one Decree, [b] *Exod.20.*
That all who take *his Name* in vaine, ſhall be
Accounted guilty, and his fearefull wrath
Will hold them worthy of eternall death.
Againe 'tis ſaid; Let the [c] *Blaſphemer* dye, [c] *Leuiticus 24.*
Let him be ſtoned for his *Blaſphemy:*
And euill tongues, who dare to curſe adventer,
Shall into Heauens [d] bleſſednes not enter. [d] *1 Cor.6.10.*
And Chriſt (when on the Earth he liued heere)
Forbade vs that *at* [e] *all we ſhould not ſweare.* [e] *Matth.5.*
And in th' eleuenth of *Deuteronomy* againe,
We are commanded not to ſweare in vaine.
The [f] *Heathen* to blaſpheme their *gods* abhorr'd, [f] God himſelfe complaineth that men blaſpheme
Yet Chriſtians wilfully blaſpheme the Lord.

Who euer to reuile the Gods were knowne,
In *Rome*, were from the *Rock, Tarpeius* throwne.
Th'*Egyptians* Law was, he should lose his head.
'Mongst *Scythians* life and goods were forfeited.
These grieuous punishments did *Pagans* vse
Against all them that did their Gods abuse.
King *Donald's* Law in *Scotland's* not forgot,
Who *burnt them through the lips with irons hot.*
And when King *Edmund* here had Regall State,
All Swearers he did excommunicate.
And *Philip* King of *France* (a Prince renown'd)
Ordain'd that all Blasphemers should be drown'd.
The Emperour *Maximilian* did decree,
That all vaine Swearers should beheaded be.
The Earle of *Flanders, Philip* did ordaine,
Their losse of life and goods that *swore* in vaine.
Saint *Lewis* the King of *France* enacted there,
That for the first time any one did *sweare*,
Into Imprisonment one month was cast,
And stand within the Pillory at last.
But if the second time againe they *swore*,
One with an iron hot their tongues did bore.
And who the third time in that fault did slip,
Were likewise boared through the vnder-lip.
For the fourth time most grieuous paines belongs,
He caus'd to be cut off their lips and tongues.
Henry the fift of *England*, that good King,
His Court to such conformity did bring,
That euery Duke should forty shillings pay
For euery Oath he swore, without delay.
Each Baron twenty, Knights or 'Squires offence
Paid twice; and euery Yeoman twenty pence.

The

pheme him, *Esay* 52. 5. The names of blasphemy is writ vpon the 10 heads of *Antichrist, Apoc.* 13. 1. Cursing is forbidden by the Apostle, when he saith *Blesse, I say, and curse not, Rom.* 12. 14. Our Sauiour commandeth vs to blesse them that curse vs, *Matth.* 5. 44. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which hurt you, *Luke* 6. 28. Accustome not thy mouth to swearing, for in it are many falls, neither take vp for a custome the naming of the holy One, for thou shalt not be vnpunished for such things, *Ecclesiasticus* 23. 9. The Plague shall neuer go forth

The Boyes and Pages all were whipt moſt fine,
That durſt abuſe the Majeſty *diuine*.
Thus Pagan Princes with ſharp lawes withſtood
Profaning of their Gods, of ſtone, or wood.
And Chriſtian Kings and Rulers formerly,
Haue moſt ſeuerely puniſht blaſphemy.
And ſhall a Heathen, or an Infidell,
That knowes no ioyes of Heauen, or paines of Hell,
More reuerence to his deuilliſh Idols ſhow,
Then we doe to the true *God*, whom we know?
If we remembred well but what we were,
And what we are, we would not dare to ſweare.
Poore trunks of earth fill'd with vncertain breath,
By nature heires to euerlaſting death:
Moſt miſerable wretches, moſt ingrate
'Gainſt *God*, that did elect vs, and create,
Redeem'd, conſeru'd, preſeru'd, and ſanctifi'd,
And giues vs hope we ſhall be glorifi'd.
H'hath giuen vs being, life, ſenſe, reaſon, wit,
Wealth, and all things his Prouidence thinkes fit:
And for requitall, we (quite voide of grace)
Curſe, ſweare, and doe blaſpheme Him to his face.
Oh the ſupernall patience of our God,
That beares with Man (a ſin polluted clod)
When halfe ſuch treaſons 'gainſt an earthly King
Would many a Traytor to confuſion bring!
Suppoſe a man ſhould take a *Whelp* & breed him,
And ſtroake him, & make much of him & feed him,
How will that *curre loue* him beyond all other,
Neuer forſaking him to ſerue another.
But if he ſhould moſt diſobediently,
Into his Maſters face or throat to fly,

from the houſe of the ſweater. *Idem.*

Who ſo ſweares falſly, calls the God of Truth to witnes a lie.

Who ſo ſweares as he thinks may be deceiued.

Who ſo ſweares vnreuerently, diſhonoureth God.

Who ſo ſweares deceitfully, abuſeth Chriſtian fidelity.

Who ſo ſweares idlely, abuſeth the credit of a faithfull oath.

Who ſo ſweares accuſtomably, God will plague him.

Sure

Sure euery man that liues vpon the ground
Would say a hanging's fit for such a hound.
And worser then so many dogges are they,
That 'gainst their God with *oathes* doe barke and bray,
And if repentance doe not mercy win,
They'll hang in *Hell* like Hell-hounds for that sin.
Of all black crimes frō *Belzebubs* damn'd treasure,
This swearing sin no profit yeelds, or pleasure:
Nor gaines the swearer here but earths vexation,
With change of his saluation for damnation.
It is a sinne that yeelds vs no excuse
(For what excuse can be for Gods abuse?)
And though our other faults by death doe end,
Yet *Blasphemy* doth after death extend,
For to the damn'd in *Hell* this curse is giuen,
They *for their paines blasphem'd the God of Heauen.*
Examples on the earth haue many beene,
As late in sundry places hath beene seene.
At *Mantua* two braue Ruffians in their game,
Swore and blasphem'd our blessed Sauiours name,
Where God iust iudgment (full of feare & dread)
Caus'd both their eyes to drop from out their head.
In *Rome*, a child but 5 yeares old that swore,
Was snatch'd vp by the *Deuill*, and seene no more.
And at *Ragouse*, a Mariner did sweare
As if he would Gods name in sunder teare;
When falling ouer-boord, was drown'd and tost,
And nothing but his tongue was onely lost.
Remember this you sinfull sonnes of men
Think how that Christ redeem'd you from Hells den.
His mercy he hath giu'n in magnitude,
Requite him not with vile ingratitude.

He

* *Elfred* an *English* Earle, conspiring to put out *K. Adelstanes* eyes at *Winchester*, forswore the treason in Saint *Peters* Church at *Rome* and fell downe dead presently.

Earle *Godwin* murthered Prince *Alfred* brother to king *Edward Confessor*, and being at dinner, the King charged him with the murther, then *Godwin* swore by bread, and prayed it might choake him if he were guilty, and immediately it choaked him in the place: his lands also sunk into the sea, and are called *Godwin-sands*.

K. Stephen forswore himselfe to King *Henry* 1, and

He made the Eare and Eye, and heares and ſees
The ſwearers execrable oathes and lyes.
The Godhead of the *Father* they contemne:
Againſt the *Sonnes* Redemption they blaſpheme:
The *Holy Spirit* grieuouſly they grieue,
And head-long into Hell themſelues they driue
It is in vaine for mortall men to think,
Gods Iuſtice is a ſleepe, although it winke:
Or that his arme is ſhortned in theſe times,
That he cannot reach home to puniſh crimes.
Oh thinke not ſo, 'tis but the Deuills illuſion,
To draw vs deſperately to our confuſion.
Some ſay that 'tis their anger makes them *ſweare*
And *oathes* are out before they are aware,
But being croſt with loſſes, and perplex'd
They thinke no harme, but *ſweare* as being vex'd:
And ſome there are that ſweare for complement,
Make *oathes* their grace, and ſpeeches ornament,
Their ſweet Rhetoricall fine eloquence,
Their reputations onely excellence.
Their valour, whom the *Deuill* doth inflame
T'abuſe their Makers and Redeemers name.
Thinke but on this you that doe *God* forget,
Your poore excuſes cannot pay this debt:
Remember that our ſinfull ſoules did coſt
A price too great, to be by *ſwearing* loſt
And bleſſed was our laſt good Parliament,
Who made an act for ſwearers puniſhment,
And bleſt ſhall be each Magiſtrates good name,
That carefully doe execute the ſame.
Thoſe that are zealous for Gods glory heere,
(No doubt) in heauen ſhall haue true glory there,

and liued in continuall trouble, & dyed in perplexity of minde. Edward Brake, his oath made at *York*, that he came not with intent to ceaſe the Kingdome, and breaking that oath was puniſht with a troubleſome raigne, his brethren and children all (except one murthered: and not any of his iſſue reigned after him *Roger Mortimer*, a great Peere of th s land, for breaking his oath to King *Edward* the 2. was moſt ignominiouſly hanged bowelld & quartered. M. *Fox* in his Booke of Martyrs declares of one *Richard Long* of *Calice*

Which

Which that we may haue, humbly I implore
Of Him that rules and raignes for euermore,
The Eternall Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Before whoſe Throne bleſt Saints & Angels ſings,
All power, praiſe, glory, maieſty, thankſgiuing,
Aſcribed be to him that's euer liuing.

Calice that forſware himſelfe to accuſe one *Smith* for eating fleſh in Lent, after which oath *Long* went preſently & drowned himſelfe. One *Grimwood* at *Mitcham* in *Suffolke*, forſware himſelfe and his bowels burſt out. One widdow *Barnes* for the like ſin caſt herſelfe out of her window in *Cornhill* and brake her necke. *Anne Auetis* forſware herſelfe in *Woodſtreet* for ſixe pound of Towe, deſiring God ſhe might ſinke down, which fearfully hapned. One *Lea* in *Sunne-alley* without *Biſhopſgate* forſwore himſelfe, and after ript out his guts.

FINIS.

My farewell to the famous Vniuerſity of Oxford.

I Thanke *God*, that *Ingratitude* being the worſt of euils, it doth not raigne in me, although it may knock at the doore of my eſtate, yet (I truſt) I neuer ſhall harbour it; This renowned Seminary and City, allowed me free and generous entertainment for ſome certaine weekes in theſe dangerous and contagious times: and although the hand of the Almighty did in ſome ſprinkling and merciſull meaſure, awaken the ſecurity of ſome in that Citty, yet was, and is his Grace ſo abundantly extended towards it, that there did not dye in the City and Suburbs being 13 Pariſhes, aboue 7 of the Peſtilence in one weeke all this dangerous yeare; in which is much to be commended the care and diligence of the Graue and right Worſhip Mr Vicechancellour, with Mr Maior, and the reſt of his worthy brethren, who neglected or omitted no meanes, that prouidence and Charity could vſe for the preſeruation

tion of the healthy, and the comfort of the ſick; this I being a witneſſe of, in the way of thankfulneſſe thought fit to expreſſe: aſſuring them in generall, that they ſhall neuer want the prayers and beſt wiſhes of him that wilbe euer at their ſeruice

IOHN TAYLOR.